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assurance or stupidity in attempting to play for dancing, amused me beyond expression; but I suppressed all symptoms of this, and kept my eyes and ears on the alert in expectation of what was to follow. A bumper of his favourite punch was prepared for him, and while sipping it, I thought he cast a scrutinizing and anxious glance on the company, probably thinking how he should adjust his *politics* there. But he had little time to pause. A quadrille set was immediately formed, and he was called on to play!—the sapient belles and beaux never dreaming that a modern piper even might not play quadrilles. Never did I find it so difficult to restrain myself from immoderate laughter! There stood the eight *élegantes*, ringleted, perfumed, white-gloved, and refined; and there sat Tim Callaghan in all his native surly stupidity, dreadfully puzzled, “looking unutterable things,” humming and hawing, and tuning and droning much longer than necessary—not in the least aware of the demand that was to be made on himself or his pipes, but puzzling his brains as to which of his own he should play first.

“A quadrille, piper!—the first of Montague’s!” called out the leading gentleman.

“E-ah!” said Tim Callaghan, opening his sleepy eyes, surprised into some little animation.

“The first of Montague’s set of quadrilles!” repeated the beau.

“Ogh, *Mountycute*’s is out ov fashin; but I’ll give yez one as good;” and the company being mixed, of whose opinions he could not be sure, the quadrillers were astounded with “God save the King” in most execrable style!

All stared, and most laughed heartily; but what was of more consequence to poor Tim, his arm was fiercely seized, and he was stopt short in the midst of his loyalty by an angry demand “if he could play no quadrilles? Not — or —?” and the names of a dozen quadrilles and waltzes were mentioned, that the unfortunate minstrel had never heard of in all his days and travels! In his dire extremity he commenced “the Boyne,” when at the instant some person called the lady of the house. The name seemed a *Catholic* one—a sudden ray of joy shot through his frame to his fingers’ ends, and from thence to his pipes, and poor “Patrick’s Day” was the result. A kind of jiggish quadrille was then danced by the least fastidious and better humoured of the party; the first top couple, superfine exquisites!—the lady an importation from London, and odorous of “Bouquet a-la-Reine,” and the gentleman a perfect “Pelham,” from the aristocratic arch of his brow to his shoe-tie—having retreated to their seats with looks and gestures of horror and disgust, quite unnoticed by Tim Callaghan, who bore himself with all the dignity of a household bard of the olden time, in his element, playing his own favourite tune, and *quollity* actually dancing to his music! It was a great day for the house of Callaghan!

Well! as there seemed nothing better to be had, “Patrick’s Day” continued in requisition, now as a quadrille, now as a country-dance, by all who preferred motion to sitting still, before and after supper, till at last every one was weary of it, and a general vow was made to drop the “Day” and take the “Boyne,” and endeavour to move it as we best could. By that time, too, our piper seemed most heartily tired of his patron saint, and having quaffed his fourth full-flowing goblet, appeared to be rather inclined for a doze than to renew his melody. But he was roused up by our worthy host, who, good, gay old man! was the very soul of cheerfulness.

“For pity’s sake, piper,” said he, “try to give us something that we can foot it to! I was not in right mood for dancing to-night till now. If you be an Irishman, look at the pretty girl that is to be my partner for the next dance, and perhaps her eyes may inspire even you, you drowsy fellow, with momentary animation, and perform a miracle on your pipes!”

Short as this address was, and gaily as it was uttered, it had no other effect on our piper than administering an additional soporific.

While the old gentleman was speaking, the drowsy god was descending faster and faster on Tim Callaghan. He dozed and was shaken up.

“What does yez want?” growled he at length. “What the d—l does yez want?” looking as if he would say,

“Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.”

“Music! music!” said our host, laughing. “Any sort of music, any sort of noise,” and he left the piper and took his place amongst the dancers.

Tim mechanically fumbled at his pipes, while the gentlemen busied themselves in procuring partners. There was silence for some seconds. “Begin, piper,” called out our host.

“Out ov fashin,” muttered Tim in broken half-finished sentences; “but—I’ll—give—yez—one—as—good—;” and a long, a loud reverberating *snore* at the instant made good his promise of music almost as harmonious as the sounds elicited from his bagpipe!!

Imagine to yourselves, ye who can, the scene that followed. The salts-bottle and perfumed handkerchief of the *exquisites* were in instant requisition, as if they felt sensations of fainting! the nervous started as if a pistol went off at their heads, and those who bore the explosion with fortitude joined in a chorus of laughter, increased to pain when it was perceived that the Inimitable, noways disturbed or alarmed, prolonged his repose, and agreeably to the laws of music, and in excellent taste, bringing in his *nasal* performance as a grand finale to each resounding peal!

“Now,” observed the friend who had answered for me at a critical crisis, “has not Tim Callaghan made his own panegyric? Has not his merit spoken for itself? What a figure our inimitable piper would have cut, had we ushered him in with a flourish of trumpets!”

When the cackinatory storm had subsided, and when all considered that their unrivalled musician had had enough of slumber, he was once more aroused, to receive his well-earned guerdon, when the following colloquy commenced:—

“Pray, piper, what is your name?” demanded the master of the house, with all the gravity of a magistrate on the bench, and drawing forth his tablets.

“E—ah? Why, Tim Callaghan.”

“Ha! Tim Callaghan (writing), I shall certainly remember Tim Callaghan! I suppose, Tim, you are quite celebrated?”

“E—ah?”

“I suppose you are very well known?”

“Why, those that knowed me *waunst*, knows me agin,” quoth Tim Callaghan.

“I do believe so! I think I shall know you at all events. Who taught you to play the pipes?”

“One Tim Hartigan, of the county Clare.”

“Had he much trouble in teaching you?”

“He thrubble! I knows nothin’ ov his thrubble, but faix I well remember me own! There is lumps in my head to this very day, from the onmarciful cracks he used to give it when I wint astray.”

“Ha! ha! ha! Oh, poor fellow! Well, farewell, Tim Callaghan!—pleasant be your path through life; and may your fame spread through the thirty-two counties of green Erin, till you die surfeited with glory!”

“Faix, I’d rather be *surfeited* wid a good dinner!” quoth Tim Callaghan, and made his exit.

For a couple of years I quite lost sight of Tim, and I began to fear that he had vanished from the earth altogether “without leaving a copy;” but, lo! this very summer, that “bright particular star” appeared unto us again, with a strapping wife, and a young Timotheus at his heels—a perfect facsimile of its father, nose, sleepy eyes, shovel feet and all; and all subsisting, nay *flourishing*, on three tunes and their unrivalled “*varry-a-shins*!” M. G. R.—

THE DEAD ALIVE.—In my youth I often saw Glover on the stage: he was a surgeon, and a good writer in the London periodical papers. When he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom Glover smuggled into a field, and by surgical skill restored to life, though the culprit had hung the full time prescribed by law. A few nights after, Glover being on the stage, acting Polonius, the revived sheep-stealer, full of whisky, broke into the pit, and in a loud voice called out to Glover, “Mr Glover, you know you are my second father; you brought me to life, and sure you have to support me now, for I have no money of my own: you have been the means of bringing me back into the world, sir; so, by the piper of Blessington, you are bound to maintain me.” Ophelia never could suppose she had such a brother as this. The sheriff was in the house at the time, but appeared not to hear this appeal; and on the fellow persisting in his outeries, he, through a principle of clemency, slipped out of the theatre. The crowd at length forced the man away, telling him that if the sheriff found him alive, it was his duty to hang him over again!—*Recollections of O’Keefe.*